

Pretty Girl by aestheticsapphic

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Crushes, Cute Fluffy wlw, Enemies to Friends to Lovers, F/F, F/M, Goth gf, Jealousy, Lesbian Jane, Lesbian Max, Listened to Hayley Kiyoko While Writing, Short as hell, Underage Drinking, they're lesbians harold

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Kali Prasad, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Kali Prasad/Nancy Wheeler, pretty much no mileven but i tagged it for safety reasons

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Summary:

Max is a mess of a girl at the best of times, but Jane seems to trigger the worst of her. She thinks it must be nerves, set off by the taller girl's cool, badass exterior. She knows it's more.

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The first time she sees Jane without her dark clothes and heavy makeup (the image of their first meeting is forever seared on the walls of her mind) is a routine party meeting. The girl looks at Max, her cheeks and lips a soft pink, with hate in her eyes (those beautiful eyes).

She curls up, sitting on her legs. Max notices she's wearing overalls. She crosses her arms, clad in Mike's jacket. Max feels angry, and shoves it down.

She looks at Lucas, he puts his arm around her and pulls her close. She's fine, it's fine.

Slowly, gently, carefully, Jane and Max form a friendship (Max wishes it were more). Max sits on Jane's bed, punk rock blaring from a tape Jane got from who knows where. Jane's face is morphed with concentration as she adds a final stroke of paint to Max's nails. Black. "Matching" she says, pressing their palms together as the nail polish dries. Max can feel herself blush. She looks from their hands to Jane's own pink-tinted cheeks.

The shorter girl moves her hand away, and stares at her hand. The nail polish still holds that wet sheen that it loses when it dries. She closes her eyes, letting the music, and the smell of Jane's room wash over her.

Jane's sister comes to town on a rainy April day (guess that's where she got that music). She sticks out more than Jane, which is saying something. She tells the party stories that are a bit too old for them. Dustin tries to flirt with her, and she laughs off his attempts with good cheer.

She prefers to conjure flowers for Nancy Wheeler, who blushes madly as Kali subtly moves closer with every interaction. Smiles and glances, clasped hands, to sweet, giggly kisses.

The party stares, Jane smiles. She walks up to Kali and congratulates her. They have a conversation, Max can't hear their words.

"I've always thought Nancy was pretty" is all Max can pick apart. It's not Kali's calming voice. It's Jane's gentle monotone (that's why she broke up with Mike). Her sister stoops down to hug her, Jane stretching up to reciprocate.

As they age and grow, they come closer. Sleepovers of necessity, because Hopper wouldn't let Jane spend nights with the boys grow into hangouts, just the two of them. Max's feelings haven't faded over the years, though Jane's walls have crumbled.

They sit close enough to share breath, and they have shared a beer swiped from Max's stepdad. Jane's more giggle-drunk than anything, and Max steals sips everytime Jane flashes those eyes at her.

Max closes her eyes, centers herself, and feels a tug on her bright red hair.

"Pretty" says Jane, and she looks at Max, a perfected deer-in-the-headlights gaze that clashes with her gothic persona. Max closes her eyes, smiling at Jane's antics and feels the sudden pressure of a pair of lips on hers.

Author's Note:

This is bad but I hope you enjoyed. I'm just a content-hungry lesbian who loves those lil dorks.